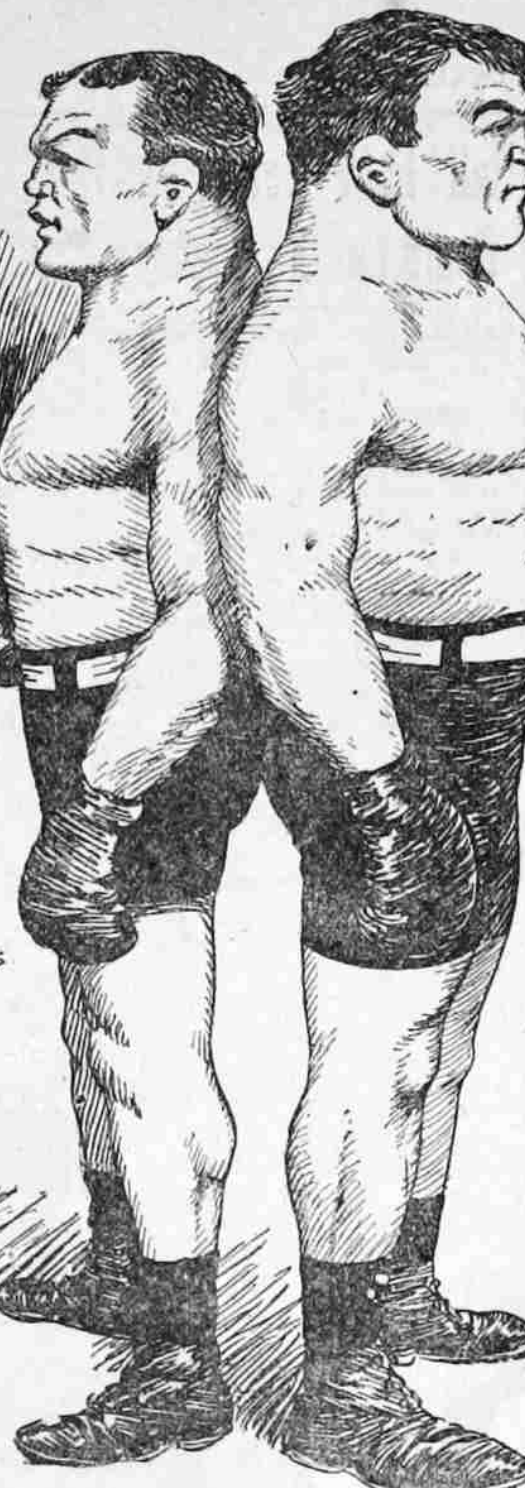




HART TAKING THE FIGHT OUT OF JOHNSON WHO WAS CONSIDERED THE CLEVEREST BIG MAN IN THE RING TO DAY.



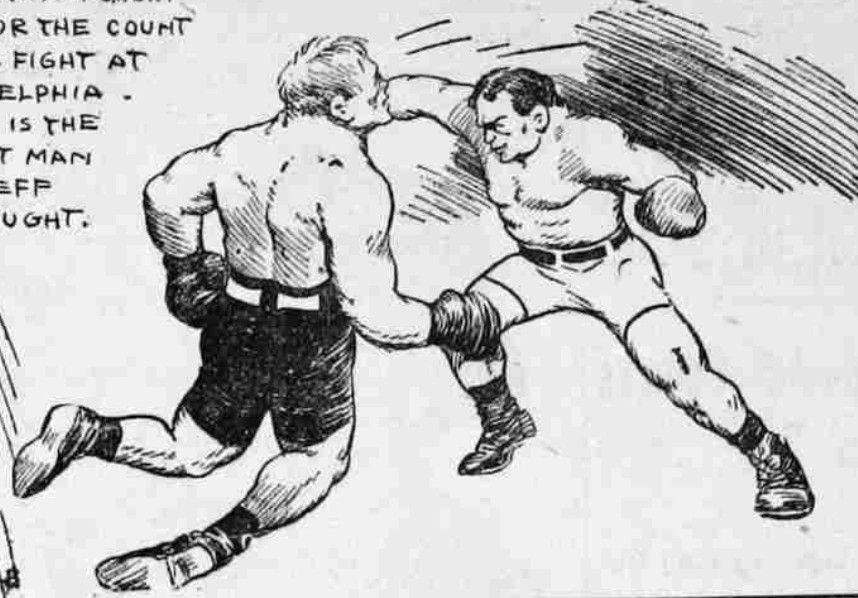
HART
HEIGHT 5FT 11 1/2
WEIGHT 195 LBS

JEFFRIES
HEIGHT 6FT 1 1/2
WEIGHT 215 LBS

PUGILISTS COMPARED.

The general opinion of sports is that Hart is too small to meet Jeffries. How Hart compares in size with Jeffries, and sketches of him in action.

HART PUTTING RUHLIN DOWN FOR THE COUNT IN THEIR FIGHT AT PHILADELPHIA. RUHLIN IS THE BIGGEST MAN THAT JEFF EVER FOUGHT.



CHAMPIONS IN STREET FIGHT

Don't Shine When They Meet Novices.

Our Old Friend John L. Is a Fine Case to the Point.

There Are Others, Among Them Ruby Robert, He of Freckles, and Mitchell.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 1.—The story relating how the late Dan Mills put Bob Fitzsimmons out in the barroom of Green's hotel in Philadelphia has recalled other stories of occasions where novices have knocked out champion pugilists.

Charley Mitchell was for a season the star attraction in the Thatcher, Primrose and West minstrel show. He went on after the first part and did Ajax defying the lightning, the Greek faun pitching quoits, the Roman gladiator facing the lions. Among the minstrels of minor importance was a clog dancer named Branscombe, a Lancashire boy, who always wanted to put the gloves on with Charley. But Charley treated his countryman with the serene contempt that a star displays toward a smaller actor, until one day, here in Buffalo, he told the ambitious youth to stick to his milk bottle, that he had no time to fool with him. The insult rankled.

The succeeding week at Detroit, on the opening night, Branscombe boldly walked on the stage when Mitchell was posing as the prize fighter and smashed him in the face. There was an uproar all over the house. Mitchell was surprised, even dumfounded, and the clog dancer put it to him half a dozen times before he collected himself. Auditors, minstrel men and stage hands strove to separate the combatants. Finally they got the men apart, Branscombe yelling: "What, ye cockney stuff! Tell me to stick to my milk bottle!" Mitchell had both eyes blackened and the Lancashire lad's injuries consisted of a bloody nose. However, they thought it well to convey Branscombe to Canada, where the next morning he lost his life in an accident on the Great Western railway.

Habit With John L. John L. Sullivan has been whipped when drunk a number of times, and very effectively in Boston by a waiter who threw off his apron and said: "You can lick a woman, but you can't lick a man. Come on." John rushed in blind rage at his sober and clear-headed antagonist, who side-stepped and hit him under the ear, and each time the champion arose dropped him again.

John was partner in a minstrel show about the same time with Branscombe, Thatcher, Primrose and West doing the same stunts as Mitchell, that is, when he was sober enough. Usually both of these men were ardently sought out by the saloonkeepers of the cities they visited to form an attraction which never failed to draw custom to their houses. The sportily inclined men regarded it as a distinction and then there were the gamblers who always preyed upon the "nigger minstrels." So John L. had little chance of escaping from the temptation of his besetting sin. One of John's duties was to be interviewed, and the press agent's business was to see that John was sober and dignified at such times. It is needless to say that the press agent's job was not a sinecure, and the free-handed writers of the West, especially, did not hesitate to tell that they occasionally found John speechless. In Chicago this happened, and a writer on the Herald made a scathing attack on inebriety as illustrated by John's particular case.

Slapped His Face. Then John went looking for the author. He ran him down in Chapin & Gore's in Monroe street. The reporter was a clean-limbed boy from Ann Arbor and Sullivan began by slapping his face. The young man coolly laid off his coat and vest and set about the champion in the most astonishing way. He did not himself escape unscathed, for the prize fighter hit him once so hard that he fell nearly twenty feet away, but he got up, stood to his work and finally Sullivan was knocked against a table, striking his head, stunned and the victory of the newspaper man was complete.

In the traditions of St. Louis there is the story of Mike McCool, the heavy-weight, who kept a saloon in Fifth street, being beaten unconscious by a man with a wooden leg. Jack Dempsey was done up by an undergraduate from Yale in a railroad car. Kilrain was whipped to a standstill by James Bussey, a political hoolier in Baltimore, in a fair, stand-up fight, when both men were sober. Barney Aaron, in his red and yellow leaf, drifted into the House

of Lords in Mulberry street and remarked that he was lighter. In two minutes he changed his mind. One of the surest ways to get a licking is to go into a belligerent neighborhood and simply say you can fight a little. The neighborhood will take care of the rest. Jule Keen, treasurer of the Wild West show, tells of an experience which illustrates this.

Fought a Bear.

In his early life Keen was an actor and played a piece in which he overcame a bear. The bear was no "overgrown" creature, but a big, burly cinnamon whose toes had to be clipped and his jaws muzzled before going on for the act. Even then the bear was a serious antagonist, and they kept a group of stage hands in the wings to make it break away when it took Keen in his arms. Keen was playing to big audiences down at the Windsor theater, and one night after the show, feeling tired up after a lively scrap with brain he started out to "set them up for the boys." He found a group of them in a saloon, and as they drank he became boastful about his prowess with the bear—and also with reference to the others.

"It was a good thing for me as it turned out," says Keen in telling the story. "When I left the hospital I was unable to act, and never have acted since. I had to seek other employment, and I have been with Buffalo Bill for a number of years. I have no stage aspirations nor do I ever mention in mixed company that I used to fight the bear."

Edwards Got His.

Once Billy Edwards, who was for a long time the polite and even-tempered "chucker out" at the Hoffman house, was whipped by a tramp. The fellow, whose appearance indicated that he had no traid in the hotel, sided up to the cheese and cracker dishes, which at that hour of the day, formed the only free lunch provided at this bar, and began the task of eating their contents with an avidity which promised empty platters at an early moment. The barkeeper observed the ragged patron with disfavor, but, following the rule of the house, said nothing. Just then Edwards strayed into the bar. With a significant nod of the head the barkeeper indicated the stranger, and Billy diplomatically approached him and suggested that if he had finished his meal it would be as well to pass on, as they were going to hold a prayer meeting.

"Why, Billy, you wouldn't throw me out would you?" asked the tramp.

"No, but you'll have to go," replied Edwards.

"Well, yes, I will, but not until I have done you up," replied the vagabond, and with the quickness of a flash he landed on Billy's jaw, knocking him down and out.

Clymer's Bad Hand.

Otis Clymer, during a fanning bee, displayed two blackened fingers—the first and second hand. "See these scars, boys?" he asked. Well, I got 'em in a funny way. One day I was engaged to marry a money addict attached to a hand organ. Finally I stuck out the first finger of my right hand—put it against the nose of the monk—and the pesky little animal tried to make a meal of the extended digit. Going into a drug store I had the injury cauterized and wrapped up. Coming out again I met a friend who had become interested in the capers of the monkey. He asked me what the matter was with my hand and I told him. Then I said I would show him how it had happened. Extending the first finger of my left hand in the direction of the Simian, I said: "I was pointing at the monkey just like this when he took my finger between his teeth." That was as far as I got, for before I had finished that blanked little critter had my other finger and the altogether the average ball player of today is a lot easier to get on with. Being an umpire he has a lot of strange sides. You take some decision that you make and you'll hear the grandstand or bleachers yell, "Get a pair of pants!" "Rotten!" "Robber!" or something like that. Yet you'll hear these same fellows sitting together talk about the same play and one'll say: "He was out four feet," another: "I think he was just out," while the third will be more likely to say: "I thought he was safe." Yet, if you make a mistake you get roasted. Another unpleasant thing is that you travel so much alone. You can't go around with the players, because you are apt to get into scraps. You make a decision and you don't like it and he'll harbor revenge for awhile. Now if you were in the same hotel with the team, he'd probably say something and you'd get into a scrap. So the best thing is to keep by yourself. At that, I think the life's pretty good and as some fellow said, "If you umpire for a year you're sure of heaven; if you umpire in the old Southern league for two weeks you're certainly sure. So I have a chance on two counts."

Hatching a Wild Fowl.

Will wonders never cease? Surely there can be nothing surprising under the sun when a man utterly annihilates space, compresses time, tames seemingly ungovernable elements and even usurps the prerogatives of nature itself to serve his convenience and pleasure! There's opportunity for volumes in the thought, but the reader is spared the burden and the writer the work with the mere suggestion that the incubator is not the least significant of some of our modern inventions. Of course, it ruthlessly tears away from one of our most respected domestic fowls the great prerogative of motherhood, but it compensates, in a way, by relieving her of a few weeks of tedious waiting for a unique use—hatching wild fowl for hunting purposes. The idea is all right. We have State fish hatcheries, why not State wild fowl hatcheries?

Experiments conducted so far show that the scheme is altogether feasible, and, this being so, a great opportunity is open for sportsmen. Every man can be his own game producer. Just as some genius discovers a method of manufacturing eggs, thereby insuring a safe supply, the scheme will be complete.

Kid Pants should be able to get a match at the Knickerbocker Athletic club.

Old Umpire Tells of His Troubles

Hardest and Meanest Position in Our National Game, Says J. E. Johnstone.

J. E. Johnstone—"An umpire has a sort of judicial position. He has to make a decision, but he's got to hand it down in a flash instead of taking three weeks off, as a judge does, to consider the point in case. What's more, he's got to leave aside all questions of personal feeling and decide the case strictly on its merits. That's what makes a good umpire. A man who watches the ball every minute he's at work, who has a quick working mind and who gives his decisions as he thinks perfectly fair, will succeed. No other kind can. I had one unpleasant experience in the Southern league, but better discipline is maintained in that league under President Kavanaugh. The foul tips and passed balls that sometimes hit us are awful. Why, I've had the bones in my left ankle broken with a foul tip. They hit you all over and they come fast and hard. It's no joke. Sometimes you get hurt so badly in a game that you want to get a rest. But there's none for an umpire. No matter how sick you are, how badly you're hurt, he can't quit. That's where a player has it on him. But I want to say the umpiring is different now from what it used to be. With the president of the league insisting that there shall be no rowdiness and lining obstreperous players, it's easier now. Besides, the ball players are gentlemen and, altogether, the average ball player of today is a lot easier to get on with. Being an umpire he has a lot of strange sides. You take some decision that you make and you'll hear the grandstand or bleachers yell, "Get a pair of pants!" "Rotten!" "Robber!" or something like that. Yet you'll hear these same fellows sitting together talk about the same play and one'll say: "He was out four feet," another: "I think he was just out," while the third will be more likely to say: "I thought he was safe." Yet, if you make a mistake you get roasted. Another unpleasant thing is that you travel so much alone. You can't go around with the players, because you are apt to get into scraps. You make a decision and you don't like it and he'll harbor revenge for awhile. Now if you were in the same hotel with the team, he'd probably say something and you'd get into a scrap. So the best thing is to keep by yourself. At that, I think the life's pretty good and as some fellow said, "If you umpire for a year you're sure of heaven; if you umpire in the old Southern league for two weeks you're certainly sure. So I have a chance on two counts."

Also Means Big Danger of Injuring Players Before Race Is On.

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EARLY GAMES CRITICISED

Exchanges Comment Much on Subject.

Eastern Policy Hurts Game in the End With Fans.

Also Means Big Danger of Injuring Players Before Race Is On.

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This Pup Cost Several Dollars

Most Expensive Canine in World Due to Land Soon in America.

NEW YORK, April 8.—The costliest puppy in the world will arrive in this country from England in a few days, and be taken to his new home, the kennels at Greystone, the country place of Samuel Untermyer.

The colly puppy, Southport Sculptor, was purchased a week ago by Mr. Untermyer for \$3500, the transaction being made by cable. Mr. Untermyer has never seen the dog, and until yesterday had never even seen a photograph of his costly purchase; but he was familiar with the puppy's breed, show record and, on the advice of his English agent, bought the dog to add to his kennel of collies at Greystone. Southport Sculptor is 10 months old, and is a son of Wislaw Leader and of Hilda of Moreton, both noted prize winners. He is sable and white in color, and has won more blue ribbons than any collie of his age in the history of English bench shows. Special quarters are being prepared for him at Greystone. Mr. Untermyer's son, Alvin Untermyer, a student at the Columbia law school, takes a keen interest in collies, and under his direction the Greystone kennels have become models. The equipment includes a dog hospital, a dog kitchen and a variety of conveniences all designed for the comfort of the canine tenants.

FOR ALASKAN SCRAP.

Bishop Wants Joe Wolcott to Meet Bishop.

Billy Pierce of Boston has written to Bishop, asking him to match Joe Wolcott with some good man in Alaska this summer. Bishop has had word from the club managers in the far North and he intends to make some good matches for them. Wolcott would be a big attraction up there, and as his hand has fully mended he will be in good shape to tackle some of the middle and heavy-weights in Dawson and Fairbanks. Bishop says he will endeavor to get Wolcott two or three matches, and it is possible that he may take the Black Diamond along with him. One match that Bishop has in view for Fairbanks is a go between Aurelio Herrera and Eddie Hanlon. Hanlon has already written to Bishop giving his consent. Wolcott may be matched to meet Nick Burley.

Will Reorganize Army.

TEHERAN, Persia, April 8.—The Shah is going on a pilgrimage to Meshed, starting about April 23. The Gazetteer announces that the heir apparent, Mohammed Ali Mirza, will administer the government during his father's absence. The Imperial decree has been gazetted, ordering the reorganization of the Persian army, which, under the new scheme, will comprise twelve divisions each of 11,000 men of all arms.

Prominent Stockman Dead.

LEWISTON, Mont., April 8.—William Fergus, one of the leading stockmen of northern Montana, is dead at his ranch home on Armalis creek. Mr. Fergus was a native of Lanarkshire, Scotland, where he was born seventy-two years ago, and had been a resident of Fergus county since 1881. He was the head of the firm of William Fergus & Sons.

Officers May Fight.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 8, 4:35 p. m.—A sensational sequence to the newspaper campaign inaugurated by Capt. Clado (formerly Admiral Rojestvensky's chief tactician), against Vice-Admiral Avellan (head of the Russian Admiralty department), and the general staff of the Admiralty may be a duel tomorrow between Clado and Capt. Zillotti, the aide of Admiral Avellan.

Rough Sport May Become Criminal

Hockey and Lacrosse Players Ought to Try and Be Genuine Sportsmen, Not Rowdies.

Here's a little Chicago comment on an ugly Canadian game that sounds right:

Recently in this column reference was made to the inadequate penalties prevailing in several branches of sport, notably ice hockey and lacrosse. Last week the grand jury at Montreal, Canada, found a true bill against a player of an opposing team. In its report the jury strongly condemns the growing tendency toward brutality in the famous Canadian game, and notes that in several branches of sport, rough, brutal players are lionized by hero worshipers. The court in its reply said that legislation might become necessary to make it possible to take into custody players who were now penalized by being ruled out. This undoubtedly would be a radical remedy, but if the "rowdy" players cannot be suppressed by other means, then let them feel the majesty of the law. On many race tracks bad acting horses have to be schooled at the barrier, and it might be a good idea to establish a system of schooling for bad acting athletes. It would be foolish to expect the more strenuous forms of sport to be altogether free from friction, but the increase in roughhouse methods is only a reflection of the fact that the game is being played for money, and the desire to win at all costs. Possibly the true spirit of sportsmanship is an inherited quality. While the schools are talking of abolishing some of the facts it would be well if more stress were laid upon playing fairly. Officials at athletic contests are now so much of a part of the game that they are almost a part of the players in the thing most to be desired.

As Others See Us.

The Northern Pacific league, of which Salt Lake City is a member, is involved in all kinds of worry. It will play an outfall league this year because it cannot receive protection from the national commission. It looks as if the commission had made a mistake and would be willing to reconsider its decision as baseball in the West is on a perilous footing, and some of the teams in this league may be able to take players from the Pacific league, which is protected.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Colleges May Play Socker Football

Association Game Looks Like Comer in American Schools and Universities.

The meeting of Harvard and Haverford at association football at Cambridge last week, while seemingly of little importance, may in the future be referred to as the birth of the game in college circles. To thousands of people who know nothing but the intercollegiate form of game, the coming together of the two colleges means little, but to followers of the "socker" code, especially those familiar with the growth of the game in Great Britain and Europe, it portends much. Thirty years ago in England there were three or four Rugby clubs to one of association, whereas at the present time the association clubs predominate in the proportion of ten to one. To the soccer man in this country it means that before long the game so admirably adapted to the temperament of young America will become popular. The man with the golf sticks was an object of curiosity, now he is commonplace. Today the association football player is where the golfer was ten years ago. In another decade he will be well known.

And yet some persons maintain that mind is not neglected for muscle in our great colleges. Listen to this in a Chicago paper under a New York date line: "Columbia's football management has announced their plans for the coaching of the 'varsity' teams next fall."

BASE BALL

Mitts, Gloves, Protectors,
Balls, Bats, Caps, Masks,
AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
California Cut to Your
Measure, \$1.50 to \$10.00.
Write for Free Samples of
Flannels, Ties, Socks, etc.
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST
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HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
You want our Free Catalogue No. 925
It shows everything in Fishing Tackle,
Hockey, Baseball, Football, Tennis,
Golf, etc., etc. Write today.
SCHMELZER ARMS CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

I WANT NO MONEY

You can talk to the people I've cured, but you need not pay me until I cure you.

You can talk with the men and women who have been cured by my treatment, and that's worth considering. I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments; but when I tell you I have cured your neighbor, Mr. Walker, or your old friend, Mr. Williams, or you go and ask them about me, and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof, and you know that I do all I claim.